

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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FEBRUARY 1, 1920

The Adventures of M. K.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

ARTHUR DEAN RICHMOND, commonly called Mike, lived directly opposite to M. K. The boy and the girl were great chums. His mother had been dead for several years, and he and his father, Judge Richmond, lived alone in a big house with a competent if tyrannical housekeeper.

M. K. was well on her way home from school when she heard swift feet running behind her, and her name called in short, panting tones. She turned as Mike caught up with her. His face was a brilliant red, which brought out his freckles as rain does the flowers.

"Why kill yourself this way when you might have talked to me outside the school grounds?" M. K. asked mildly.

"Peter Randall offered to trade his knife for my bag of marbles,—I've been at him to do it for an age,—and I was afraid to leave him for fear he'd change his mind."

"Are you in a scrape?" demanded M. K., suspiciously.

"Yes, but honest to goodness, M. K., this time I'm sure I wasn't to blame only at the start."

"Tell me about it."

"It was this way," he began: "some of us fellows was shooting pebbles from slings,—pretty big ones too,—and all at once there was a splitting sort of crash near us and the other three kids were gone in a flash. I looked at the house as I came up to where the fellows had been standing, and saw a big front window broken. I was just going to take to my heels, too, when I remembered Dad's telling me even if I was to blame not to be a sneak, and to always face the music. I'm plumb sure I didn't break it, for the other boys were lots nearer the house, but when a lady flew out of the front door I was just going up her steps."

"Are you the boy that broke my window?" she asked, as mad as a March hare.

"I don't believe I did, ma'am," I said as politely as Professor Har-mont, though I wished I was in Egypt. "But the other boys ran off, and as I was shooting a sling too, I'll promise to pay for it to-morrow. My name is Arthur Richmond."

"I saw several boys out here. They oughtn't to let you do it all. Who are they? I'll report them to the police."

"But I wouldn't tattle, though I was mad as hops. Now I'm going to pay, though she said it would be two dollars and a half. But Dad has all my money. You see he can't

bear to have me spend it in driblets and nothing to show for it, so I'm saving for a real spick-and-span wrist-watch. He gives me an allowance and I've got most enough, because he will double what I save. But the last scrape I was in, you know he was awful sore, and I can't get my money unless I tell him. Now what would you do, M. K.?"

"I'd go right to him and have it over with," M. K. told him promptly.

"You wouldn't if my Dad was yours."

The girl thought of the tall, handsome, but stern-looking Judge and silently agreed. "It's your only way. You can't lie, and it will soon be over," she insisted.

"You see, M. K., my Dad is a wonderful lawyer, but he doesn't know boys very well. I often wonder if he ever did anything the way us kids do, he's so awfully hard. And he always calls me Arthur, and that sort of makes me feel as if I was in court and a prisoner at the bar. It isn't like facing your Dad. You don't know anything about it."

"It must be hard, but I'd do it or die!"—

M. K. was interrupted by Mike's stopping short and saying: "Gee Whilliker Tompkins, Myra told me to be sure and

bring home some cheese from Wheeler's. So long!" and he was off.

M. K. pondered. "If only some one might see his father before Mike does," she thought excitedly; "if only I dared!" But it was miles to the Judge's office and she couldn't see him at home, for Mike would be there. There was the telephone at home, but her mother or others might hear, and it was Mike's affair.

She glanced up at the tall narrow house, the last in the block she was passing. Before she could lose courage—or was it only interfering and boldness?—M. K. was up the long flight of steps, ringing the bell. To her surprise a young girl near her own age answered the door instead of the maid she expected.

"Would it be asking too much to let me use your telephone?" she asked. "I can't wait till I get home."

"Certainly, just follow me," she said cordially, and led the way to a small room off the hall, leaving her alone.

M. K. seized the book and hurriedly looked up the Judge's office number. If only he were there and she could carry it through and not get scared!

"Yes, this is Judge Richmond. What is your business?" The words came crisp and clear. M. K. could almost see the Judge's face intent, perhaps impatient.

"Are you very busy? May I speak to you about something?"

"Yes, for a few minutes."

"It's about Mike. You see, he's in trouble."

"He always is."

"But this time I don't believe it is his fault. Anyhow he wants to tell you and he doesn't want to. I advised him to do it, but he's—well—afraid. Well, I mean he sort of dreads it because of the last time. But I thought if only you'd understand, and call him 'Mike,' and kind o' lead him along, it would all come out right."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Sir?"

"You must be Arthur's—Mike's—counsel. You plead quite well."

"Oh, no, sir, I'm only a girl; but Mike is such an honest boy, and I like him, and you see he only has you, and I have the best father and the nicest mother and the most wonderful grandmother and the kindest grandmother and grandfather and the bravest uncles, so you see I felt if you just had a hint first before you see Mike, it might straighten out things or make it easier for him, if you won't think me pushing."

"But who are you? It may be you're aiding and abetting the sinner."

"Oh, no, I'm just a girl."

"What if you are Mike himself disguising his voice?"

"No, no! Mike doesn't dream I'm doing this. He wouldn't like it, I'm



"May I speak to you about something?"

afraid. You see boys like girls' advice, but they don't like them to"—M. K. hunted wildly for a word, but alas! all that came to her was, "butt in."

"If you disclose your name, I'll never tell him as long as I live," M. K. wondered if she heard a chuckle, but decided she hadn't.

"You know me," she faltered. "I'm Mary Katherine Claremont."

She had to repeat it.

"Well, I shall weigh the matter and try to give sentence tempered with mercy. Thank you, and good-bye."

M. K. heard the click of the receiver and put up hers.

She looked about for her girl hostess, to thank her again, but no one was about; with a sigh of relief she stepped out of the door. She looked anxiously down the street, but Mike was nowhere in sight.

Had she done right, or only made matters worse? Did the Judge think her a "meddlesome Matty"? Her cheeks burned. Her godmother had bade her look up adventures and she would find this world more interesting than she supposed. This was an adventure, but not as enjoyable as some she had had.

As she neared home she saw her father coming toward her. She ran forward, and reaching him, caught hold of his arm with both hands and clung to it.

"O Father, I'm so glad I chose you for a Dad," she told him gratefully.

"Did you choose me, or did I choose you? I declare I forget which," he said laughing.

"Don't you remember when I peeked at you through a hole in the sky and said you were the nicest man I'd seen and down I came?"

"Strange how I could forget such a thing! I must be getting old," he declared.

The door opened, and mother stood there smiling.

"Just in time," she said.

Mary Katherine longed to tell them of her latest adventure, but Mike said he liked to come to her because she wasn't the blabbing kind, like most girls. Mike had no mother, nor any nice woman to mother him. If only the Judge would be like her father—if only he wouldn't always be the Judge!

Mary Katherine could hardly wait until the next day to hear the next number of Mike's story. As she studied her algebra and biology she wondered if, after all, Mike had flunked and not told his father. In school she could tell nothing from his face, and at noon he was kept after school for setting the whole room laughing, and M. K. had to hurry home.

In the afternoon he overtook her, but Lucia Raymond went with them to the corner. No sooner was she out of hearing than M. K. asked eagerly, "Well, did you tell?"

"Mary Katherine Claremont, Dad was a miracle! I hung around after dinner trying to screw up my courage, when he said: 'Didn't you say you wanted a new tablet? I have one for you.'"

"I followed him into the library, and while he hunted in his desk he asked,

"'Any more scraps lately, Mike?'"

"I thought my ears were wrong, but he surely did say 'Mike,' and I plunged in like a dog into ice-water. I told him all

about it, and do you know he never scolded a bit! He just said: 'I'm glad you didn't run. You did just right. Who were the boys?'"

"But I wouldn't tell, and he nodded and said, 'Well, maybe it wouldn't be just right,' and he handed me out the money, and even smiled. Why, M. K., he talked to me as man to man, and told me about a scrap he had had in high school. He was so nice I just couldn't bone down to study afterward. I kept thinking about it."

They had reached M. K.'s home.

"Can't you come in?" she asked.

"I'd love to, but Myra said if I was late to dinner another time she wouldn't give me a mouthful of dessert."

"Would the Judge let her?"

Mike laughed. "Believe me, Myra rules the house, even the Judge. He said last night that you can talk about democracy, but the real rulers in this country are the queens of the kitchen, and I believe it."

"It is true," M. K. agreed; but as she turned into the house she was thinking: "Oh, perhaps I didn't blunder after all. Well, the Judge is a real sport."

But this wasn't the end.

It was Saturday, and M. K. was roller-skating, when Mike joined her, also on skates.

"M. K., just listen!" he cried as he caught up with her. "You know when I paid for the window I thought that ended the matter, though I was mad at the fellows for sneaking out of it; but yesterday, when we were playing 'tag,' one of the boys called me off to one side and handed me two dollars and a half."

"This is for breaking the window," he said, as short as a pipstern, "and you needn't think I'm doing the goody act on my own. It was your Dad who held me up and threatened to arrest me if I didn't."

"My Dad! Why, I never told him you were with me!"

"So he said," he sneered in an ugly way. "But if you didn't, he must be the master wizard all right. He can see way inside you and make you tell all you know as if he was twistin' your wrist, an' yet never touchin' you with a ten-foot pole, just lookin'." I tell you, Ma raised a row,—I was scared to tell Pa,—and she says I can't go to a movie for ages."

"M. K., the Judge is the smartest guy in this old town. He can do most anything," Mike asserted proudly.

"Yes, he's smart, but father is just as much so; he knows a lot, and is so kind and good and witty," M. K. declared stoutly.

"Well they're both the goods all right. Let me race you to the corner," for Mikey was wise, and knew when he was going too far.

M. K. rather hated to meet the Judge after her telephone episode, but he never showed by word or look that he remembered it; and while she could not overcome her secret awe of him, she felt after Mike's affair that he was, after all, a man and a brother.

"It is just as my godmother told me," she declared. "The world is a very interesting place, if only you have eyes to see and ears to hear. But I'd like it better if God would only send Mike a mother. Boys need mothers."

Love hath he found in huts where poor men lie.

WORDSWORTH.

A Letter from Dorothy.

(A "JUDGE NOT FROM APPEARANCES" LETTER.)

BY MINNIE L. UPTON.

WELL, Daddy, I'm just getting over my blisters, and they're not serious enough to leave scars, thanks to the presence-of-mind and courage of Gwendolyn Smythe! Neither will Gwendolyn's—and for that I can't be a millionth part thankful enough!

But we're still "house cases," and the week is beginning to seem long. The girls have been nice about running in, but of course with school and home lessons they're pretty busy; so there's quite a lot of time when there's only mamma; and she's about distracted, for Nora had to go to take care of her sister who had an accident.

Yesterday morning, whom should I see stalking up the walk but old Aunt Frizbee—"Aunt Frizzy," you know we girls have always called her, on account of that extraordinarily curly yellow wig she wears. I wasn't any too glad to see her, but of course I appreciated her taking the trouble to come, and we had a pretty fairish good call, though she hasn't one bit of "small talk," you know. She brought me a glass of wonderful white-currant jelly that she said Grammy Yorke made—you know, that funny little old woman who lives with her.

Just as she was going, in came Auntie Biggins, that dear old streak o' sunshine. I feel real chummy with her, because she's always making things for our Scout suppers and Y. P. R. U. affairs. Aunt Frizbee does, too, but she always sends them in instead of bringing them, so we don't seem to connect them with her, personally.

Well, I feel so well acquainted with Auntie Biggins, that I felt free to mention Aunt Frizbee's wig, in the course of conversation, and say I wish she wouldn't wear it—that I thought her own hair, if ever so scanty, would look much nicer. I thought maybe Auntie Biggins—I knew they were good friends, and exchanged visits often—might influence her not to wear it, if she once realized how it struck people.

Daddy, you ought to have seen dear, mild, smiling Auntie Biggins rise up, as it were!

"Dorothy Weldon," she orated, "that wig of Adelina Frizbee's is a—a crown of glory—and I don't care if that does sound irreverent—it ain't—not a bit!"

And then she told how Aunt Frizbee, when they were girls at school together, had had the loveliest yellow curly hair, and such a lot of it—like a mountain of spun gold when she heaped it on top of her head. And she had more "beaus" than all the other girls put together, in spite of her never having any nice clothes, because she was an orphan, and lived with a mean old uncle and aunt. She was full of high spirits, in spite of everything, and with her tall, slim figure, and "golden crown," looked nicer in an old calico wrapper than the other girls in silk! And she was always doing nice things for the others.

Then one day there came word that a traveling "tinker" and his wife and little boy were sick with a dreadful sort of fever in an old camp down the road from where she lived, and no one would go near them.

She came to her uncle and aunt and told them she was going. They forbade her, and finally told her, if she went, never to show her face at their door again. She went, and nursed them till the wife and boy got well. The man died. Folks brought food, from all around, and other necessary things, and left them outside the gate. Just as the woman and child got so they could get around, there came word that the old uncle and aunt were down with the fever. She went and nursed them, but it had gone too far before she heard, and they both died. Then she had it. And then the woman and little boy tended her, and after a while she got well, but every bit of her beautiful hair was gone! And it never grew again! Think of that, Daddy—just think of it! Of course, if we'd lived here longer, we'd have heard of it before; but mother had never heard about it and so I suppose you hadn't.

Then she and the woman ran the farm and little store, and sent the little boy to school and then to college. And he's a very successful surgeon, Dr. Yorke, and he's the one who sends money to Auntie Frizbee, so the place is always kept up so nicely. And long ago he placed an order with a fashionable wig-maker to send one of those golden wigs every Christmas to Aunt Frizbee, so it'll never look grubby, you know. And she'd like some gray mixed with it—a little more each year; but he won't listen—says he wants it always to look like that lovely angel's head that bent over him in his fever!

And I've learned another lesson! O Daddy, will there *always* be lessons? I'm so glad you're coming home! I want to talk things over.

Your kindergarten child,

DOROTHY.

A Man-made Island and the Little Children on It.

BY WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

(The fourth story about Armenian children.)

THIS is a story about some little children who lived on an island. And the strangest thing about that island is that some men made it. You would say right away, if you saw it, that there was something strange about it, for there wasn't a tree on it, nor a bush, not even a spear of grass. There were a few flowering plants, but these grew in small pots and had been planted by the people who lived there. Yes, it was a man-made island, sure enough.

And this is why it was made. A long time ago, when your grandfather and grandmother were young, some people thought that if they could make a ditch deep and wide enough for ships to pass through across the Isthmus of Suez, it would save a great deal of time. For when people wanted to go by water from England or France or Spain or Italy to Australia or to India, or to ship goods, they had to be taken away around the southern part of Africa. The only other way was to cross the Isthmus on camels, as you see in the little picture, and that was very slow and very tiring. So they made this deep ditch that they call the Suez Canal. It joins the Mediterranean Sea with the Red Sea, and cuts Africa off from Europe and Asia.



CROSSING THE ISTHMUS ON CAMELS.

Now let me tell you how it was made. The country all about there was very flat and low and swampy. You couldn't shovel it up any more than you could shovel so much water. So they built strong pumps on big boats and pumped the water and sand away from the place where they wanted the canal, and poured it out a little way off. Of course the water ran back again, but the sand and mud stayed where they placed it, and as it piled up, an island was formed. That is the way this island was made on which the little children lived, and that is why in all its square mile of surface there was not a tree or a bush or a blade of grass.

How, then, did the little children get there? Ah, but that is the story. You know how the people they call the Turks

killed,—but to see the little children grow pale and to hear them cry for something to eat was much harder. And what do you suppose they did? They gathered up bits of cloth and made a great white flag with a red cross in the middle, and put this on a pole on the highest point they could reach.

Why, you say, that was a Red Cross flag! Yes, that is just what it was, and everybody knows it at once. It so happened that these mountains where they were stood close to the Mediterranean Sea, and a French gun-boat, passing that way, saw the flag, guessed that it meant some one was in distress, and sent a rescuing party to give whatever help was needed.

Of course what they needed was escape. So these kind French soldiers took the Armenians to their ship and carried them to this island that had been made out of the sand they pumped out to make the Suez Canal. They were a very sad company when they got there, for many of their dearest ones had died and those who were yet alive were very ragged and dirty and, worst of all, very thin from not having enough to eat.

If you will look at the picture you will see how well and strong and happy they were when I saw them, a few months later. They were fat and clean and had on good clothes. And oh! how pleased they were when I took a little American flag out of my pocket and let it float in the breeze! See! they are waving a salute to the Stars and Stripes as this



A SALUTE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.

drove the Armenians away from their homes, killed the strong men, and sent the women and children on long marches so that many of them died. In one village the people were afraid to wait until the Turkish soldiers came, and fled to the mountains near by, taking their children with them. They felt pretty safe there, as the Turks would not follow them, having driven them away, which was all they wanted. But there was no food for them in the hills, and no one dared to go back to get any.

What should they do? It was hard enough for the women and the strong boys and girls,—the fathers had mostly been

picture is taken. They knew that that flag meant America, and that it is America, more than any other nation, that has been a friend to their people. You see, too, in the picture, a part of their school-house, or school-tent, as it really is, where some kind women teach them to read and to sing. Yes, and they teach them to play. For these little folks have not had any chance to play, and have not seen any one else playing, so they have to be taught by the older people the games the children usually teach one another.

It is these children, and many thousands more who are not yet so well fed and clothed as these are, that you are



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Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

703 STRATHCONA STREET,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to join the Beacon Club.

We are having a very cold winter, as the frost and snow came in October. We had no Indian summer. Our Sunday-school teacher told us the story of "Susie's Ideal."

Yours truly,

JOHN HOWORTH.

NORTH PEMBROKE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church and enjoy *The Beacon* very much. My minister's name is Rev. Howard Gale. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade in school. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear the pin.

Sincerely,

IRENE FITTON.

asked to help. Will it not make you happy to know that by not spending money for things you really do not need, you can sent food to hungry little children, and clothing to keep them warm? Your parents, or your teachers, or your superintendent or minister, can tell you how to do it. Even if they should not know, the Editor of *The Beacon* will tell you all about it.

A Joke on Sothern.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

EH. SOTHERN, as every one knows, has been doing wonderful work entertaining the soldiers in the Y. M. C. A. huts "over there." Once upon a time, so the story goes, one of his officer friends played a practical joke upon him which was either very bad or very good, according as you look at it.

Sothern was going upon the stage to give a part of the rôle of the Melancholy Jaques in "As You Like It." And the mischievous friend took that time to relate to him the good old anecdote about the very literal-minded young proof-reader who was correcting the proof of a new edition of "As You Like It."

When he came to the lines:

"... books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything," he pounced upon them with glee.

"'Books in brooks,'" said he; "'sermons in stones!' What perfect nonsense! Some one has made pi of those two lines. Funny no one else spotted it." And when that edition appeared, Jaques' speech was 'improved,' so that it read:

"sermons in books, Stones in the running brooks, and good in everything."

"And now for mercy's sake, Eddie," said Sothern's mischievous friend after they had finished laughing, "don't you go and mix them up yourself the next time you say the lines. I bet anything you will."

Can you fancy a more fiendish suggestion to make to a person who was just

72 ADDINGTON ROAD,
BROOKLINE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

I am fifteen years old. I am corresponding with a number of *Beacon* writers—thirteen in the United States, three in Scotland, and Ruby Singh in India. I have received two letters from Ruby and in the last one she sent me some pretty silver ferns.

Your interested reader,

BEATRICE DALTON.

P.S. Would some other *Beacon* readers write to me?

ANDOVER, N.H.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church in Andover, N.H., and I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like it very much. Our minister is Rev. Leon S. Pratt.

I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

I go to school in the sixth grade and am eleven years old.

I would like a letter from any one in the Beacon Club.

From

ETHELYN CROSBY.

about to say those lines to an audience of quick-witted, joke-loving doughboys, many of them not so long out of high school?

Whiskers.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

OUR baby cried when first he saw Our jolly, whiskered grandpapa. But I'm not scared a bit, because There's grandpa—and there's Santa Claus! And both as nice as they can be— That's why big whiskers don't scare me! I think when I'm a great big man, I'll have as many as I can; Seem's if 'twould be an easy way To keep from scrubbing every day. Cause if your face is whiskers, *then* Why *should* you wash and wash again? I guess I'll ask him. He'll tell me— My grandpa's nice as he can be.

Church School News.

The school of the First Church in Cambridge (Unitarian) continues its monthly "Church Sunday" services with sermon by the minister. This year a series of dramatic presentations of Bible scenes are given by the school once a month on Sunday afternoons. In November, "Scenes from Isaiah" were presented. In December the Christmas spirit of service, emphasized by Tolstol's story "Where Love is, God is" centered about the Bible sentence, "Unto the least of these."

The Editor visited the school at Cincinnati on November 9 and found an earnest and attentive group taking part heartily in the singing, responses, and prayers of the service of worship. The attendance was commendable, as the members come from great distances. The growth in numbers is large during the past few months.

The reorganized school of the Chestnut Hill church is named "The Community School of Religion." Each class is taught by a trained and paid teacher.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXV.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 19, 5, 12, 3, is what corn is in the fall.
My 2, 3, is a pronoun.
My 1, 16, 4, 3, is what a clock tells.
My 12, 11, 13, 18, is used by a man.
My 15, 5, 17, 18, 15, is next larger than a brook.
My 4, 8, 6, 9, is a woman's title before she is married.
My 2, 14, 13, 7, come after roses.
My 10, 2, 5, 12, 6, go to sea.
My *whole* is a river in the United States.

HELEN JULIET GARRETT.

ENIGMA XXXVI.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 6, 10, 5, is something you play with.
My 2, 4, 9, 3, is the speed.
My 1, 7, 8, 12, is a funny smile.
My 5, 11, 12, is a metal.
My *whole* is a well-known island.

DOROTHY JEAN WOOD.

ENIGMA XXXVII.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1, 3, 7, is to endeavor.
My 2, 4, 6, is to strike.
My 5, 3, 7, is a form of cooking.
My *whole* is something we all should be.

EMILY B. LEARNED.

WORD SQUARE.

My *first* is spoken.
My *second* is a flower.
My *third* is a country.
My *fourth* is a metal.

HELEN REED.

TWISTED STATES.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 1. Tmnovre. | 7. Xstae. |
| 2. Mnaei. | 8. Ghcmilna. |
| 3. Ckktneuy. | 9. Ggeoiar. |
| 4. Dlrlof. | 10. Ivrngiai. |
| 5. Foilcanair. | 11. Aaaalbm. |
| 6. Oooalcdr. | 12. Vndea. |

A. ABBOTT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

ENIGMA XXXI.—The New England States.
ENIGMA XXXII.—Mediterranean Sea.
ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—

7	12	6	9
16	5	11	2
1	4	14	15
10	13	3	8

ROMAN NUMERALS.—IXL—MIX—MD—C—L—DD.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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